DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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Mr. J. Stevenson, of Largs. Mr. Wm. Stevenson. Mr. Alex. L. Bruce. Mr. John Stephen.
Mr. H. A. Mitchell. Sir J. N. Cuthbertson. Prof. H. Drummond.

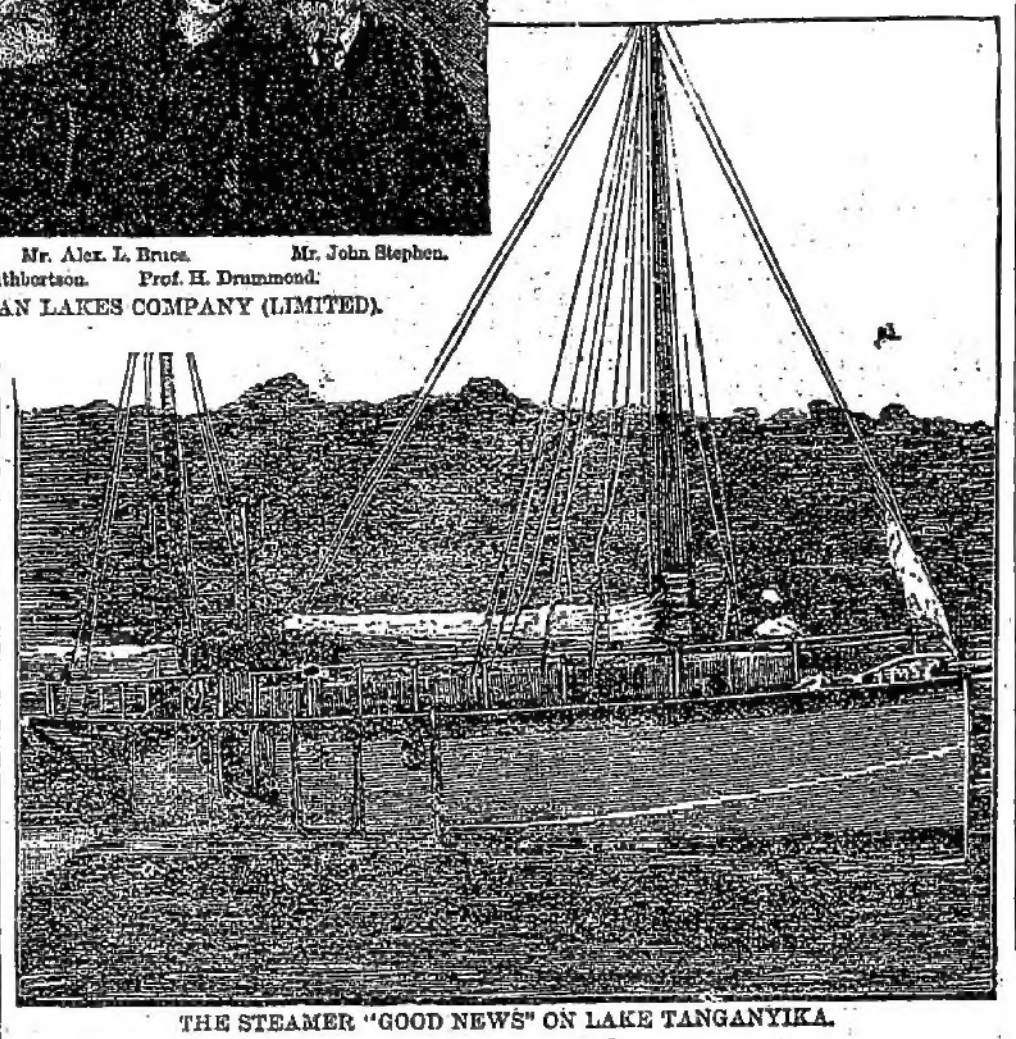
THE DIRECTORS OF THE AFRICAN LAKES COMPANY (LIMITED).

CHRISTIANITY AND COMMERCE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

"It is always," says a recent writer in the London *Graphic*, "the fate of the quiet workers to have their labors overlooked by the mass of the nation, while those who are better acquainted with the methods of pulling the strings get the glory and the popular ovations. Still, when the historian of the future comes to write the early history of the Dark Continent those who labored steadily and quietly, without haste, without rest, will be given the credit that is so justly theirs. It is true that trade follows the flag, but it is no less true that the flag follows the missionary."

The African Lakes Company was founded by men, who were first of all large subscribers to missionary work in Central Africa, in order to open up the rich lands round the great African lakes. The directors of this company are Mr. James Stevenson, of Largs, Mr. H. Alex. Mitchell, Mr. William Stevenson, Sir J. N. Cuthberton, Mr. Alex. L. Bruce, Mr. John Stephen and Prof. H. Drummond; the latter gentleman is well known to us as the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "The Greatest Thing in the World," etc., etc. A year after the founding of the company, Messrs. Mair, the managers, were navigating the Zambesi and Shire Rivers with a steamer; and two years later they had extended their operations to the north end of Lake Nyassa. Steamers costing each about £5,500, have recently been placed on the rivers and the lake respectively, with the expectation of sending a steamer from Quilimane, on the coast, once a month.

The Company was founded in 1877, and by 1880 it had extended its operations to the north end of Lake Nyassa, and contemplated extending to Lake Tanganyika by what has been called the Stevenson Road, sketched out by the chairman in 1876, and afterwards constructed at his expense. A first dividend was paid in 1886, but at the end of the following year the Company was attacked by the Arab slave-raiders at the north end of Lake Nyassa, and had to expend large sums on the war, which resulted in the large population inhabiting the country between Lake Nyassa and the mountains north of it being rescued from the attacks of the slave-dealers. As the prospect in Central Africa has of late become clearer, owing to the recent arrangements entered into by the Government, the directors of the Company have felt justified in placing steamers on the rivers and on the lake, and this will require an improved road past the rapids of the Shire. The Company will soon join hands with the South African Chartered Company, which is advancing from the Cape Colony, and with its assistance will extend the maintenance of order as far as Lake Tanganyika, thus effectually putting a stop upon the slave-trade by the occupation of the plateau. The Portuguese have been troublesome neighbors to the Company in the past, but the Government have now appointed Mr. H. H. Johnston, C.B., Consul-General of the Portuguese East African territories and Her Majesty's Commissioner in Nyassa Land, and in his able hands the political and trading interests of the British in Central Africa will be thoroughly well upheld. The Portuguese, who have refused the terms offered them by Lord Salisbury, have placed some gunboats on the Zambesi, and last year advanced as far as Mandala, near the southern end of Lake Nyassa, where the house belonging to the manager of the African Lakes Company is situated, but, owing to the representations of the Government, have now retired. The service of letter-carriers was established by the London Missionary Society. The men are Zanzibaris, and make the journey from Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, to Zanzibar in fifty days. The steamer "Good News," or "Habari Ngema," is a steel yacht belonging to the London Missionary Society. It was conveyed in sections over the Nyassa route, put together by natives, and fully equipped and ready for service in September, 1887. It flies the Commodore flag of the Tanganyika Marine—red, with "Tanganyika" across an anchor in white—at the main, and the red ensign at the mizen.



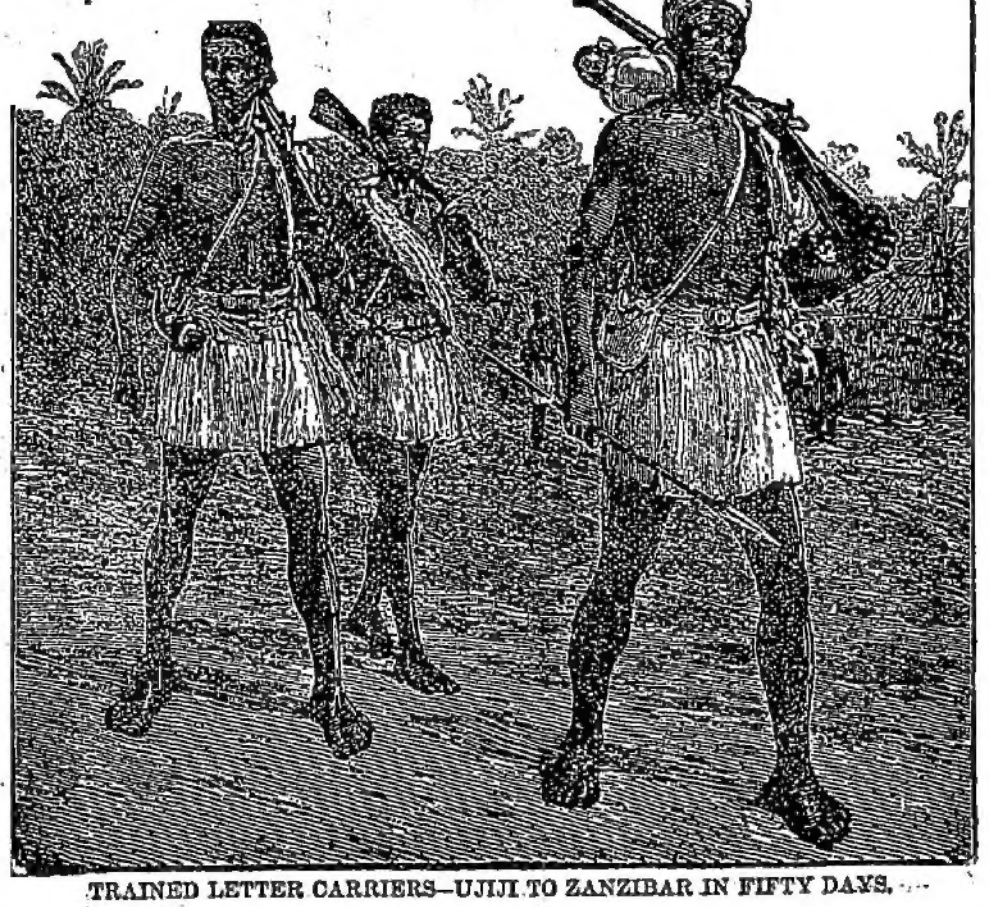
THE STEAMER "GOOD NEWS" ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

SORROWFUL YET REJOICING.

Physical sufferings may repress our joy, and often do cast a shade over our future, and even give a sombre hue to the present; but if the Spirit be present in his fulness, our joy may be great in the midst of our deepest sorrows. It is possible for us to "be sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The sainted Cookman said to me the day before he swept through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb:

"I have suffered physical agony at times,



TRAINED LETTER CARRIERS—UJIJI TO ZANZIBAR IN FIFTY DAYS.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
J. W. M. Poirier 31/2/91

during my sickness, which has been equal to placing my limbs in the fire until they were consumed; but my joy has been so great, that at time it has almost seemed to me that my sufferings were as nothing."

We once visited a lady of the Congregational church, whose almost every limb had been dislocated by disease, and whose sufferings had been indescribable. As she lay upon her little couch, the picture of death, we inquired, "How long have you been thus afflicted?" she replied:

"I have not crossed the threshold of that door in fourteen years."

"How have you felt during all those years of suffering," we inquired.

"In all that time," she meekly replied, "I have not known a dark day."

The grace of God can make its possessor as free as an eagle, gay as a lark, and happy as an angel. The soul can say to Jesus:

"Sorrow, touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never know by day."

When the Christian sings—

"I've found a glad hosannah
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eschol fail;

"I've found the Rock of Ages,
When desert wells are dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh;"

he says what many a suffering soul has found true. There is a "joy in sorrow," a "secret balm in pain," for those who are filled with the Comforter. It is the gracious privilege of God's people to live and walk in the sunshine of holy joy.—*Rev. Mr. MacDonald, D.D.*

DIVINE ORDER.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

'Tis first the true, and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful, and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good, and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful, and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful,
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day,—for earth of tears is full,—
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.

'Tis first the night,—stern night of storm and war,
Long nights of heavy clouds and veiled skies,—
Then the far sparkle of the morning star,
That bids the saints awake, and dawn arise.

TOBACCO MONEY FOR MISSIONARY WORK.

A Scotch minister had been pleading the cause of missions with his people, strongly urging their duty of contributing to them. The next year, when the missionary collection was about to be made, the minister received a one-pound note from a poor laboring man, with a statement to the following effect: "Sir, when you preached the missionary sermon last year, I was grieved that I had it not in my power to give what I wished. I thought and thought, and consulted my wife whether there was anything we could spare without stinting the poor children; but it seemed as if we lived as near as possible in every respect, and had nothing but what was absolutely necessary. At last it came into my mind, Is that fourpence which goes every week for an ounce of tobacco absolutely necessary? I had been used to it so long that I scarcely thought it possible to do without it; however, I resolved to try; so, instead of spending the four-pence, I dropped it into a box. The first week I felt it sorely, but the second week it was easier; and in the course of a few weeks it was little or no sacrifice at all. At least, I can say that the pleasure far out-weighed the sacrifice. When my children found what I was doing, they wished to contribute also; and if ever they got a penny or a half-penny given them for their own pleasure, it was sure to find its way into the box instead of the cake-shop. On opening the box, I have the pleasure to find that our collected pence amount to £1, which I now enclose, and pray that the Lord may give his blessing with it. I am thankful for having thus broken off a dirty and expensive habit, and I have enjoyed more health and cheerfulness since I left off that which I once thought was impossible for me to do without."

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

Every good teacher plays the part of hostess, and her scholars are, in some sense, her guests. She is responsible, so far as her power extends, for their comfort, happiness, and welfare while they are in her charge. She should be present to receive them, should know them by names, should be so far acquainted with their families and circumstances as to be able to converse and sympathize with them, and she should have the quick tact and perception that give such kindly insight into character that she can adapt herself to every member of her class. Some of these points of vantage can be gained only by degrees, but they can be aimed at from the first.

Few new scholars care to be openly and personally catechized before strangers, so invite your casual to come and sit beside you, and enquire his name and address, not in a blunt authoritative way, but as kindly and courteously as you would question the child of some personal friend. If he come with a companion, by all means let them sit together, if not, ask if he knows any one in the class, and call that scholar up to sit beside him and to share the lesson paper and hymn book. If a stranger to all, select some friendly soul from the rest to be his companion for the hour of school.

The teacher will, of course, see that her new friend has the necessary books to use for that day, that he can find the hymns and the places in his Bible or Prayer Book, and also that he gets a lesson paper for the following Sunday, and knows how much he is expected to learn from it. She will take an opportunity to ask him if he has been attending any other Sunday-school and to express her hope that he likes what he has seen of the one he has attended that day and that he will come regularly in the future. It may be well to defer the enquiry as to the reason for leaving his former Sunday-school or for coming to the new one.

If the scholar is old enough to understand clearly, she may from time to time explain to him the system of marks and prizes pursued in the school, the lesson course for the year, and the plan on which the school entertainments are given. He should understand the object of the Sunday-school collections and the uses to which the mission money is applied. If there is a Band of Hope, children's meeting, or other gathering of scholars in connection with the school, she should speak of these, and should she awaken his interest in them, and, still more, should she get any scholar, not necessarily her own, to take him in hand and bring him to any one of them, she will have done much to retain her casual. All this neither can nor should be done on the first Sunday, nor for two or three to come, but having these topics of conversation, she need never feel the anxiety, "What shall I say to him?"

The tone of the whole school, for which the superintendent is chiefly responsible, and the tone and behavior of her own class, which it is her part to raise and maintain, attract or repel the scholar. The worst boy will not care for a school devoid of discipline, while the well-disposed will not remain in a class where good behavior counts for nothing and the teacher is powerless to command a fair measure of respect and attention.

Another influence to attract and keep the casual, we shall find to be good teaching. Personal affection is commonly the strongest link to bind the older members of a class, so much so, that where this exists we often find scholars refusing promotion when they are fitted for it, preferring to remain with the teacher they have learned to love, although she cannot raise her instruction to the level of their capacity. Yet in the case of the newcomer, we must, I think, admit, that the standard and style of instruction is the stronger force. Bright, intelligent teaching will often retain a chance scholar until personal magnetism has time to develop its hold upon him, for, while the love of learning is comparatively limited, the desire to know is almost universal, and this desire a good teacher continually gratifies. Your scholar should never be able to say truly, "I don't know a thing more about the lesson than when I went." It is not enough simply to go through the questions and answers in the lesson paper, though this should, of course, be done. The teacher can and should do far more than this. She will generally find that although a bright attentive boy can grasp the details well, he will rarely look at his subject from more than one point of view, and will have but little power to grasp it as a whole, or to single out the main practical lesson and to present it clearly to his own mind. Illustration, comparison, generalization, deduction, these are the teacher's work, and the more she thinks over her lesson the better she will succeed. It is not enough to give more or less time on Saturday night, not enough to read all that the Teachers' Assistant or other helps may give, she should take the next Sunday's lesson for the previous Sunday evening's reading, and then hand it over to her own mind, so to speak, to bear in memory and to work upon throughout the week.

Let those who find it difficult to fill the lesson hour or to interest their classes, honestly try this plan, and they will find that they can hardly read a secular book or glance over a newspaper without gathering some thought or illustration that will bear upon the next Sunday's lesson. Current events, local happenings, pictures, music, the conversation of friends, all will help, but above all, their own daily Bible reading, undertaken with the prayer that God would teach them through it that they also may teach, will verily be "a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path," as they lead their scholars in the way of truth.

The strongest point comes last. Just as she would return a first call from one whom she was anxious to cultivate at the first opportunity, so she should return her new scholar's call during the same week, if possible, and if not possible, as speedily as may be. Let the parents feel that the casual is welcome and more than welcome, let them see that his teacher takes a real personal interest in him and in his regular attendance, and half the battle is won.—*Miss Osler in Evangelical Churchman.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—MAY 10, 1891.

ISRAEL'S OVERTHROW FORETOLD.

Amos. 8: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.—Luke 8: 18.

HOME READINGS.

M. Amos 8: 1-14.—Israel's Overthrow Foretold.
T. Amos 9: 1-15.—Israel's Desolation.
W. Hos. 5: 1-15.—Judgments for Israel's Sins.
Th. Luke 8: 1-18.—Golden Text.
F. Prov. 1: 20-33.—"They Would None of my Counsel."
S. Psalm 10: 1-18.—"Wherefore Doth the Wicked Contemn God!"
S. Psalm 51: 1-19.—The Prayer of the Penitent.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Nearing of the End. vs. 1-3.
II. The Terribleness of the Judgment. vs. 4-10.
III. The Famine of the Word. vs. 11-14.

TIME.—About B.C. 787; Jeroboam II. king of Israel; Uzziah king of Judah.

PLACE.—Probably Bethel.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *A basket of summer fruit*—the fruit was the latest harvest in Palestine. The vision is explained in verse 2. *The end is come*—the harvest is past, the summer ended. There was no more to be done. Israel was ripe, but for destruction. V. 3. *The songs of the temple*—the music of the idol-temple at Bethel shall be turned to shrieks of misery. *Cast them forth with silence*—the whole city one scene of death. V. 5. *When will the new moon be gone*—they loathed the rest of the new moon and the Sabbath, because they had thereon to rest from their frauds. *The ephah*—a measure containing a little more than a bushel. They gave short measure and took over-pay. V. 6. *The refuse of the wheat*—which contains no nutriment. V. 7. *By the excellency of Jacob*—by himself. 1 Sam. 15: 29. *Never forget*—not pass by without punishing. V. 12. *To seek the word of the Lord*—a just retribution on those who would not hear the Lord's prophets. (Compare Prov. 1: 24-32.) V. 14. *Swear by*—worship. Psalm 63: 11. *The sin of Samaria*—the calves. *The manner*—the mode of worship. The ground of all this misery is the forsaking of the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? For what sins was Israel reproved? What was the effect of these reproofs? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE NEARING OF THE END. vs. 1-3.—What vision did the Lord show the prophet? How did the Lord explain the vision? Meaning of *the end is come?* What calamities are foretold? What is here meant by *the songs of the temple?*

II. THE TERRIBLENESS OF THE JUDGMENT. vs. 4-10.—Whom does the Lord now address? What sins does he charge upon them? What has the Lord sworn? How is the terribleness of the judgment represented? What shall be the effect of this judgment?

III. THE FAMINE OF THE WORD. vs. 11-14.—What greatest of all judgments shall be sent on the land? What shall Israel seek? Why shall they not find it? Prov. 1: 24-32. What is foretold in verse 14?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God bears long with the disobedient.
2. That he warns and entreats them to turn from their sins.
3. That he will inflict a terrible judgment on those who continue in sin.
4. That the famine of the word of God is more to be dreaded than a famine of bread.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What vision did the Lord show the prophet? Ans. A basket of summer fruit.
2. What did the Lord say was the meaning of this vision? Ans. The end is come upon my people of Israel.
3. What did he foretell about this end? Ans. Terrible judgments and bitter mourning.
4. What greatest of all judgments did he foretell? Ans. A famine of hearing the words of the Lord.
5. What was foretold of the idol-worshippers? Ans. They shall fall and never rise up again.

LESSON VII.—MAY 17, 1891.

SIN THE CAUSE OF SORROW.—Hos. 10: 1-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Your iniquities have separated between you and your God."—Isa. 59: 2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Hos. 6: 1-11.—Repentance Enjoined.
T. Hos. 8: 1-14.—Destruction Threatened.
W. Hos. 10: 1-15.—Sin the Cause of Sorrow.
Th. Isa. 59: 1-21.—Sin and Separation.
F. Hos. 11: 1-12.—Israel's Ingratitude.
S. Hos. 13: 1-12.—Israel's Self-Destruction.
S. Hos. 14: 1-9.—Blessing to the Penitent.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Sins Recounted. vs. 1-4.
II. Punishment Foretold. vs. 5-11.
III. Repentance Commanded. vs. 12-15.

TIME.—About B.C. 780; Jeroboam II. king of Israel.

PLACE.—Samaria.

OPENING WORDS.

The prophecies of Hosea were extended over the long period of fifty-nine years. (See ch. 1: 1.) The book is supposed to have been compiled by Hosea himself, and to consist of selections from the whole number of his public utterances.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *An empty vine*—Revised version, "a luxuriant vine." The bounties of Providence were lavished upon Israel, and gave ground for the expectation of grateful obedience. *According to the multitude of his fruit*—the wealth of the land served only to strengthen and extend its idolatry. V. 2. *Be found faulty*—be treated as guilty. *He*—the Lord. V. 5. *Beth-aven*—house of vanity; a contemptuous name for Bethel as the seat of idol-worship. V. 7. *Her king*—the monarchy itself. V. 9. *Gibeah*—Judges 19 and 20. As the Benjamites offered a stubborn resistance to the rest of Israel at Gibeah, so now the Israelites, in defiance of Jehovah, persist in their old iniquities. V. 10. *It is my desire*—Revised Version, "when it is my desire, I will chastise them." *Bind themselves in their two furrows*—Revised Version, "Are bound to their two transgressions." V. 12. *Sow to yourselves in righteousness*—act righteously, and you shall reap the reward. *Break up your fallow ground*—prepare your hearts for the seed of righteousness. V. 14. *As Shalman spoiled Beth-arbel*—2 Kings 17: 2; 18: 34. V. 15. *So shall Bethel do unto you*—your idolatrous calf shall be the cause of a like calamity to you.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SINS RECOUNTED. vs. 1-4.—What blessings had been lavished upon Israel? What return had they made? Of what sins had they been guilty? How had their heart been divided? What shall they say? Meaning of verse 3? How have they spoken? Name the sins here recounted.

II. PUNISHMENT FORETOLD. vs. 5-11.—For what shall the inhabitants of Samaria fear? Meaning of *calves of Beth-aven?* Why shall the people and priests mourn? Whither shall their idol be carried? What further punishment is foretold? With what is Israel charged? What is threatened against Israel?

III. REPENTANCE COMMANDED. vs. 12-15.—What command is given? What had their sinful courses brought upon them? What would be the end of a continuance in sin? How did Shalman spoil Beth-arbel? What shall Bethel do to them?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That men often abuse and pervert the good gifts of God.
2. That if they continue their evil courses God will inflict upon them merited punishment.
3. That shame and sorrow are sure always to follow sin.
4. That a seed-time of righteousness must precede a reaping time of mercy.
5. That reformation is the effect and evidence of repentance.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What sins are charged upon Israel? Ans. Abuse of God's goodness, idolatry, falsehood and covenant-breaking.
2. What will the Lord do with their idols? Ans. He shall break down their altars, he shall spoil their images.
3. How shall the people be punished? Ans. Ephraim shall receive shame, and Israel shall be ashamed of his own counsel.
4. What did the prophet call upon them to do? Ans. It is time to seek the Lord till he come and rain righteousness upon you.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MY SERMON.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

The evening bells were pealing
Their call to praise and prayer,
The sweet chimes softly stealing
Through the tranquil twilight air,
As I sat by my baby's cradle
With many a wistful thought
Of the hour in the quiet chapel,
With praise and worship fraught.

I must miss the inspiration
Of the earnest, prayerful throng,
I could not hear the sermon,
Nor join the evening song.
I must sit by the swaying cradle,
Watching the quiet sleep
Of my little one, my treasure,
A loving guard to keep.

The sound of the bell's sweet summons
Had died on the quiet air,
And I bent o'er my darling's slumbers,
Lifting a voiceless prayer
That the message I could not follow
Might still be sent to me,
And the blessing I sorely needed
Should not be lost to me.

Just then the little sleeper
Cried out in childish fright;
Some troubled dream had roused him,
And made him fear the night,
As I clasped the trembling baby
As closely to my heart,
As if some real danger
Had caused his cry and start.

I stilled his frightened wailing
With loving tenderness,
And lulled him into slumber
With many a fond caress.
No grief could hurt my darling
Although a fancied fear,
My loving arms around him,
Would show him I was near.

Then words of tender comfort
I had often read before,
Came back like a spoken message
In that quiet twilight hour;
My love for my precious baby
Gave them a meaning new,—
"As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you."

Then I measured with clearer vision
The infinite tender love,
That will stoop to our little sorrows
From the heights so far above.
What though they are fancied burdens,
He hears our feeblest cry,
And the loving arms about us
Show us that He is nigh.

My finite mother-passion,
Should be the plummet true
By which I could better measure
Love greater than I knew.
I had missed the song and sermon
T' t quiet eventide,
B' carned a precious lesson
. sat at my baby's side.

—*Chi s of Amsterdam.*

HOME-MAKER OR HOUSE-KEEPER?

What a busy world it is! So much to be done and so little time in which to do it all! All the time there is!

Yes, yet that doesn't help us any if we have not the happy faculty of so economizing that time as to make the most of it; to have, if possible, a surplus to draw upon when unlooked-for rushes upon us would otherwise bring us to our last available minute, heated and hurried, and discouraged in mind and tired in body; a state of affairs which even the strongest will cannot face with equanimity.

Then it is we think with remorse of the wasted time and strength put into unnecessary work which only brought, in the doing, a sense of satisfaction, without which we would be equally if not more happy in the end.

How many aching backs, pale faces, weak chests, heavy hearts, and warped tempers is the demon of overwork responsible for! All telling of a weakness only too common with our women.

Have we any right to thus abuse the health and strength given us *for higher* purposes? We sweep away with our too ready broom the very light of our life; fade in our washtubs the glowing colors of home; rub off with constant scrubbing and cleaning the last vestige of happiness and home enjoyment.

What happiness can there be without health? And how can a tired, broken-down woman do her duty to her family or herself? Is it worth it, the cleanliness, which, to be sure, we all know is next to Godliness? "Next!" remember, not to be made a *fetich of, and worshipped above* all else at any cost.

Is there not such a thing as over-cleanliness? Have you not been in houses where a speck of dust would be a relief to the eye?

Better a little wholesome disorder and litter than a worn out wife and mother. Better an hour of leisure with your loved ones in an unswept room, than the constant grind and toil from sunrise to sunset, and no time to spare for those near and dear to us.

There are so many ways to save work; so many little things that could be left undone and no one be the sufferer thereby. Why, after a hard day, when things have gone contrary, and, like Martha of old, you are "troubled about many things,"—why can you not let the little duty wait?

Are you strong enough to keep your house immaculate, care for your children, give to your husband the companionship he certainly expected when he married you, and with it all keep up your own health and spirits? Yes? Well, then go ahead. You are one in a thousand.

But if not, then you must let something go. What is it to be?

Not the children; they are too precious a charge—these jewels given into our hands, for which by-and-by we must render *an account.*

And surely not the hours devoted to the husband—those happy evening hours; you will never get them back again if you once let them go.

Then is it to be yourself? A thousand times no!

Let it be the unnecessary work.

Nor do I advocate untidiness or poor housekeeping. Every woman should be a good housekeeper, but with it and above all should she be a good home-maker.

Don't let the house, however grand, crowd out the home, more beautiful still. Have a system of work by all means, but don't let it be as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians. *Do not become* a slave to system.

This theory I carry out at all cost in my own home. My work is subservient to me, and I can with a clear conscience spend an hour in the nursery resting while I listen to the prattle of my children, at the cost of a neglected household duty, one thought of which does not intrude upon or mar my enjoyment of these real treasures upon earth.—*The Household.*

THE SLATE ON THE KITCHEN WALL.

"What is the big slate for that hangs upon your kitchen wall?" said a visitor to a young housewife the other day. "Oh, that's my memorandum book," was the reply. "When I first began to keep house out in this suburban spot, we would frequently sit down to a meal and discover there was no pepper in the pepper-caster, or vinegar in the cruet, or only one-quarter of a loaf of bread in the box, or some little thing like that, which had slipped my memory among the number of more important things I had to think of—by themselves of little account, but just big enough to take the completeness away from a good meal which it needs to be thoroughly enjoyed.

"As our grocer, and baker, and butcher, you see, are all two or three miles away, one cannot tell the girl to clap on her hat, run out and supply the want, as you can who live in the city, so I told John that I must have a memorandum book for the kitchen, to jot these wants down in, so that when I did go shopping or when the tradesmen did call, I would be sure to tell them of everything I wanted.

"The very next day the dear boy brought me home a lovely little book with ivory covers, silvertipped pencil and celluloid leaves, from which the writing could be erased after the book was full. I tried it for a week, but it was so pretty that if I were baking pies, say, and observed that the cloves were almost gone, I would have to stop and wash the paste from my hands before I could handle that pretty book. Consequently I used to say, 'Oh, I'll not stop now. I'll just remember that and put it down when I have some others to go with it.' Of course, I forgot all about the cloves until the next time I went to get some and found not half enough. So I relegated the pretty book to the recesses of my bureau drawer and bought a common *school slate with a pencil and a sponge* attached to it by strings. Whenever I find anything running low in the larder, I jot it down on the slate, one half of one side of which is reserved for the grocer, and the rest for the butcher, the baker, etc. If I'm not in the kitchen when they come, Bridget shows them the slate and they copy down the orders. Then, on the other side of the slate I write instructions for Bridget to follow when I go out, or the page and number in the cook book of the recipe by which I want her to cook certain dishes while I am away. Altogether I find it exceedingly useful and handy, and would advise all young housekeepers to try it.

EXCELSIOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

I once knew a brisk woman who used to loosen her carpets in the last of February, so that she might take advantage of the first warm day, and whisk them out before the *gaze of an astonished world.* There was a tradition in her family that all carpets should be up, and stoves down, by the middle of March, and unless positively frozen up and snowed under, she fought it out on that line. She and her family are long since dead, as might be expected, sacrificed not by cleanliness, but by a silly *pride and an insane desire to be more* "forehanded" than her neighbors. I have noticed that those women who are so forehanded with their house-cleaning are apt to be forehanded in their deaths. They seem to fancy there is some merit in thus forcing the season, and they plunge into the good work with all the enthusiasm of *the ancient martyrs, laying up coughs, and* colds, and treasures in heaven. So many women clean house according to tradition, instead of common sense. They learned in their youth that spring begins in March, and in March they will clean house if they kill themselves and their families in the attempt. They remind me of that imprudent young man who attempted to scale the Alpine heights, refusing to listen to sensible advice, and shouting "Excelsior" to all inquiring friends. These women, amid the snow and biting winds of a lingering winter, will expose life and limb, or at least fingers and thumbs, and backs, to get ahead of their neighbors and have their houses cleaned first; they go pegging away up the wintry Alps, in a lame, rheumatic, but determined procession, waving their tack-hammers and scrubbing-brushes, and shouting "Excelsior," till they disappear in a cloud of dust. They pay no attention to good advice, nor do they heed the roar of the awful avalanche of dust, and dirt, and carpets, and stoves, and soot that they bring down on their devoted heads; on they rush, and down from the cold, damp shades of their fireless, sunless parlors, comes the last faint echo of their cries.—*Elizabeth Cole, in Good Housekeeping.*

KEEP CLEAN.

There can be no such thing as equality between cleanly people and people of uncleanly habits, "Amber" tells the Chicago *Herald.* My neighbor may have a bank account and a butler; but if he fails on the bath question, he is my inferior, although I peddle pins from door to door.

If you can't make successes in your children in any other way, the way is open to you to make them the peers of the king if you will establish them in dainty and delicate personal habits. Teach them that a homespun suit and a calico gown over a clean body is infinitely to be preferred to the robe of a duchess over an infrequently bathed cuticle. Water is free as sunshine; soap of the best costs less than confectionary, and nothing but a lack of self-respect stands in the way of everybody being sweet and clean.

If I had a man about the home as regardless of personal cleanliness as some of the well-dressed men I ride with daily in the cars, I would call in the humane society to chloroform him, or the health officer to disinfect him. There should be no argument possible with such men; it ought to be bath or bullet, every time, in the name of public good. It is an insult to God to take such shabby care of these beautiful bodies he has given us.

STUDY THE CHILD NATURE.

"What should be done with a child for telling a lie?" asks an anxious mother.

The word "lie" is almost too strong a word to use in connection with a child. A lie is an intention to deceive. Untruthfulness, in fact, may be ignorance in the little one. For instance, a child while visiting was shown a rainbow. "My papa has a much bigger one at home," she said. Months before, her father had carried her on his shoulder to see a brilliant bow spanning the entire heavens. The dear baby! Like the little boy who declared his papa made the trees because he had seen him hew a gate post, and call it his. Some children, from pure imagination, may tell what is untrue. We need to study the child-nature, and be very slow to condemn. Our example teaches them more than we are aware. If not perfectly truthful ourselves, can we expect them to be? A good rule is given by a teacher: "Never, under any circumstances, severely punish a child for telling a lie. Use your skill in detecting untruths to baffle, not to punish them. Make it an object in your life to see that no benefit ever results from deceit or lying, but do *not provoke a crop* to grow in order to cover one transgression."

RECIPES.

DELICIOUS STEAMED PUDDING.—Half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one cup of *butter-milk, one teaspoonful of soda, add flour* until stiff as cake, then a cup of stoned and chopped raisins, or any fruit you have. Pour it into a two quart basin and steam an hour and a half. Serve with boiled sauce.

FIG PUDDING.—Three-quarters pound grated bread, half a pound of figs, six ounces suet, six ounces brown sugar, one teacupful milk, one egg, nutmeg. Figs and suet must be chopped fine. Mix bread and suet first. Then the figs, sugar, nutmeg, egg beaten well, and lastly the milk. *Boil in a mould (pudding steamer) four hours.* Serve with sweet sauce.

FORMULA FOR INSECT BITES.—One of the very best applications for the bites of mosquitoes and fleas, also for other eruptions attended with intense itchings, is menthol in alcohol, one part to ten. This is very cooling and immediately effectual. It is also an excellent lotion for application to the forehead and temples in headache, often at once subduing the same.—*Weekly Medical Review.*

PUZZLES.—No. 8.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

What is it that may rise
To such a height,
That 'twill to human eyes
Be out of sight,
And though so far o'er farm or town
Unquestionably still be down?

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

CHARADE.

My first is a personal pronoun.
My second is a number.
My third is the lower part of a window.
My whole is any tool of a trade.

WHAT AM I.

I hardly think I am a bird,
And I will tell you why;
I've not one feather in my wings,
Although I flit and fly.
When other birds have gone to bed,
All but my friend the owl,
Like him, among the ruins old,
I love to pry and prowl.
From ancient tower and hollow tree,
I sometimes venture down,
To flutter like a butterfly,
Above some little town.
When, to my dark and dreary home,
I go to seek repose,
I want no pillow for my head,
I hang upon my toes!

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 29, 30, 40, 21, 19, 39 is a noted general.
My 10, 20, 11, 22 is a number.
My 34, 36, 27, 38, 2 was a noted Spanish explorer.
My 1, 27, 12, 11, 35, 40 is a large river in Europe.
My 26, 4, 18, 37 was a Confederate general.
My 25, 14, 15, 16 is a boy's name.
My 3, 9, 8, 23, 22, 14, 31, 32, 29 is famous.
My 41, 42, 43, 27, 45 is a present day.
My 6, 7, 5 is to move in any direction.
My 24, 14, 17 is a mental faculty of the mind.
My 33, 36, 13 is to give leave or power.
My whole is a good motto.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 7.

GOOD ADVICE IN PI.—

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small,
Do it well, or not at all.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENT.—1. S-hoe-s. 2. P-rice-s. 3. H-al-r. 4. M-ode-l. 5. H-aunt-s. 6. R-in-k.

HOURGLASS.

C O N T R I V A N C E
I M M E N S I T Y
M A R T I A L
S H E E N
I R E
M
A I R
E A N G Y
A D V A N C E
I M P E T U O U S
I N S U P E R A B L E

The Family Circle.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"O give me a message of quiet,"
I asked in my morning prayer:
"For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord,
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me—
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible
And looked at a page of Psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was smoothed by its summer calms.
For the words that have helped so many,
And the pages that seemed most dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort,
And they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
These words came down to me:
"The Lord is slow to anger,
And of mercy great is he;
Each generation praiseth
His work of long renown;
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!
I knew the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by-and-by.
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me,
Whatever might betide.

HER OFFERING.

BY JANIE MILLER.

The ladies' missionary society connected with the Avenue Church of Payton decided to have a praise meeting. A committee was appointed, and instructed to send a letter to every lady of the church, inviting her to attend the meeting, and to bring with her such a thank-offering as she might be able or willing to give, if it was but a penny ladened with prayer. The committee had faithfully obeyed its instructions, and with equal cordiality had invited not only the ladies of the church membership but also those of the congegation. To be sure, one of the committee had expressed a doubt whether it was right to lay what might seem a tax upon some of their sisters.

For instance, there was that pretty Mrs. Berry, who worked so hard to support herself and two children. What was the use of asking her for a thank-offering? But another and wiser one said that Mrs. Berry would like to be invited; a penny from her would outweigh in the sight of the Lord a dollar from many of them; she could join in their worship if nothing more. So the letter was delivered.

All day it had occupied the principal place in Mrs. Berry's thoughts. Not that she was sorry to receive "that begging letter," as the wife of one of the pillars of the church, opposed to missions, had called it, but that she wondered how she could earn one coin to place on the altar of service. She had been left a widow early in life, with two small children to maintain. It took nearly all she could earn to pay the rent of her two rooms and supply the necessaries of life; yet she gave a little, a very little, she considered it, to the church each month.

"I have just enough," she mused "to pay the rent, and get Willie the pair of shoes I promised him he should have Saturday; and he needs them badly. I cannot give away what is honestly another's, nor risk my child's health sending him out in such shoes, even if I were willing to break my promise to him. They say that if I have but a penny, to bring it, and I certainly would if I had the penny to give. Ah, me! how poor I am; yet how much better off than so many others in this great city. I have plenty of work and the children are so good and so well."

She wiped away the tears that filled her eyes, and began to shape with deft fingers a little apron from the skirt of an old white dress. When it was cut and carefully laid together, she gathered up from the table and floor all the scraps and every thread. With them in her hand she went to the wash-shed where, among the tidily arranged articles, so necessary to have yet so unsightly in a kitchen, hung a large bag nearly full of rags. As she put out her hand to empty it, a thought came into her mind—a precious thought it must have been to brighten her face as it did. Taking down the bag, she re-entered the kitchen, and calling a little girl at play in the other room to come and help mother with her work, she spread a sheet upon the floor and emptied the bag. The little one eagerly gave her assistance, and they began to select the white rags from the colored, putting each kind in a separate pile. The task was almost completed, when Willie, a boy of ten years, came home from school.

"Mother, what on earth are you doing with all those rags? Going to make a carpet?"

"No, dear, I have not enough for that, and these are not fit for carpet-rags. I am sorting them so that they will sell better; after we have done with supper, you and I will take them to Mr. Canfield's. You can haul them in your waggon for me, so that I can sell them."

"Why, mother, I should think that it would be better to keep them till his man comes round; though I would as soon take them as not. But you need not go to the rag warehouse with me. I can sell them to-morrow," and a faint blush tinged the boy's cheek.

"No, Willie, I will go with you; there is nothing to be ashamed of in selling rags. Honest work, or trade, is no disgrace to man or woman, and I do not wish to wait till to-morrow. I suppose two bags of rags seem a small amount to go to the warehouse with; but, my boy, I want a few pennies to take to the praise-meeting to-morrow, and this is the only way I can get them. It is our affair, and God will know 'tis all we can do. Some day, when you are a man and can give me them, I will take dollars."

Mr. Canfield, the wealthy paper-dealer, sat alone in his handsomely-appointed office that evening. The hands of the clock above his desk had not yet marked the hour of seven, when Mrs. Berry and her son, drawing the two bags of rags in his cart, came into the store. The woman was known to him. She had sewed for his mother; besides, she was a member of the same church with himself; he had often seen her there, and admired her two pretty children. He was accounted a good man; honest, and straightforward in all his dealings, and kind to all in his employ; generally a promoter of good works in and out of the church. But to one cause he gave very little. Like many other good people, he did not believe in missions at home or abroad. At least he had not given the matter much thought. He always dropped some change into the basket when there was a collection for the cause. Once, when a friend and a great missionary man from New York had been with him at church, he had given five dollars, because he did not want to seem ungenerous. But, somehow, he did not get much interested.

It was a clear knowledge of all this that made Mrs. Berry's step a little less assured than usual, and threw a shade of hesitation in her speech as he courteously came forward and asked what he could do for them. She had expected to find a clerk there at that time in the evening, who would buy her rags and think no more about it. She would tell him why she came with those rags.

"Willie and I have brought some rags to sell, Mr. Canfield; they are sorted, and I hope that you will allow me as much as you can for them. I want some money for the meeting to-morrow, and this is the only way I have to obtain any extra pennies. Willie is distressed at my coming myself to sell them, but you will appreciate my desire to get at least the penny spoken for in the letter."

"Sit down, Mrs. Berry; my clerks are all away this evening. But I will call a man to weigh your rags."

He opened a door leading into a room where rags of every kind and quality were gathered, some in sacks, others in bins, and loose heaps, and called a man watching there to come and take the rags.

"To what meeting and letter have you reference?" he asked, returning to his customers.

"Did not Mrs. Canfield receive a circular letter from the ladies of the missionary society, inviting her to attend the praise-meeting to-morrow? That verse in the letter encouraged me to take even so mean an offering as the proceeds of a bag of rags."

The merchant looked with interest at the woman who so dignified her poverty as not to be ashamed of it.

"My mother is out of town. Some one did hand me a letter for her yesterday. I saw that it was unsealed, and put it in my pocket until I had time to ascertain whether it was of sufficient value to forward."

He took the letter out now and hastily glanced through it.

"There are six pounds of the white rags and four of the colored, sir," said the man who had been called to weigh them.

With a thoughtful air, the gentleman took from his pocket two silver quarters and tendered them to the widow.

"I only desired the highest price which was also a just one, Mr. Canfield. The Lord would hardly bless such unfair gains. I had not expected to obtain the half of that, but I will take one of the pieces, and thank you for your kindness."

"Then I shall give the other to Willie for delivering them for me; and Mrs. Berry, I expect that this letter and your bag of rags will bear fruit for the mission cause hereafter." Placing the other silver piece in the hand of the happy boy he bowed them out.

"Are you sorry, Willie, that I came with you; or that I told Mr. Canfield what I desired to do with the money?"

"Oh, no, mother, and I will put my twenty-five cents with yours; then you will have fifty pennies to give. God does help us when we do disagreeable things for his sake, does he not, mother?"

"I think, my boy, that he always helps us in some way, though we may not always be aware of it. But I do not understand what Mr. Canfield meant when he said that my bag of rags would bear much fruit for the mission cause hereafter." Then as they gained their own home she said "Now, Willie, we will not speak of this to a single person."

Left to himself, the merchant returned to his desk; but his pen lay idle as he thought of his visitor and her errand. And this was his summing up of the case, "That woman shames me as a professed follower of Christ. In all the fourteen years of my Christian life, I have never made one sacrifice of personal or mental comfort to further his cause, and she has not only given all the money she could raise, but has done it in a way that a child feared might humiliate her. I would give ten thousand dollars to-night to claim such a boy. I will see that my mother gets this letter and also that it does not fail in its purpose."

Again he read the letter and lingered over the verse of which Mrs. Berry had spoken:

"With fluttering heart and trembling hand,
I brought my little gift and laid
It down upon God's holy altar.
I had so prayed that, touched by his
Almighty hand—his dear, pierced hand—
It might become a holy thing
Meet for his service. And now I
Watched for that dear hand to take it up.
My little faith would scarce believe
That his omniscient eye would
Notice take of gift so small, so
Mean, as mine. When lo! it was
Returned so changed, so beautified,
I clasped it to my heart with tears
Of joy. It came so multiplied,
So radiant with his love, I smiled
That I should have withheld it from
His hand so long. The gift was naught,
But God's dear hand upon the gift was all."

He folded up the paper and laid it in his desk; then, taking out his pocket-book, selected from the many there, a bank bill, fresh and new, folded it and placed it in the little envelope that had accompanied the letter, wrote a few lines upon it and for a moment bowed his head in prayer, a prayer for forgiveness of past unfaithfulness, a vow of future consecration. He was all alone in the great store, and the depths of his Christian soul had been reached and stirred as never before.

And that is the way that a great and joyful surprise came to the good ladies of the Avenue Church when they met to hold their praise service. The treasurers, when they came to open their envelopes, held a whispered conversation. Those nearest them caught the words, "Is it not just splendid! How strange! They must have some connection! We'll have them read last." The president read many messages, sweet words of thanksgiving from full hearts; some all of joy, some of sorrow, tempered with submission, looking beyond the trials of the present life to the joys of the future. Then she said:

"There are messages on two envelopes which our treasurers have asked me to read last and together, feeling assured that they are linked by some tie known only to God. The first reads thus: 'I thank God that nothing is too mean to do him service; that, touched by his dear hand, even a bag of rags can honor him.' The second is: 'I thank God for gifts and mercies which cannot be numbered; to-day I especially praise him because he hath opened mine eyes through the instrumentality of a bag of rags.' Mrs. Smith tells me," continued the president, "that the second envelope contained a one hundred dollar bill. You see, my sisters, that the Lord has touched the small offering of some one among us, and lo! the gift has multiplied more than a hundred-fold."

A CHAT ABOUT PRINTING.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL.

"Look, look, father! See what a nice little Bible Harry has bought for sixpence. Wasn't it cheap?"

"Indeed it was, Tom. There is surely now no excuse for any one who does not possess a copy of his very own of God's word, and study its precepts for himself. How much do you think was paid for one of the first Bibles ever printed? Guess!"

"Twenty pounds!" cried Harry, thinking that could not possibly fall short of the mark.

"Fifty—a hundred pounds!" supplemented Tom.

"Seven hundred and fifty crowns," their father said, "which, allowing for the far greater value of money in the fifteenth century, must have been equal to over £1,500 of our coinage. That was the sum paid by the King of France for a Bible printed by John Fust, of Mentz. But he purchased the volume under the impression that it was all done by hand, whereas only the illuminated capitals were so produced. He had never seen or heard of a printed book."

"That wasn't quite honest of John Fust, was it?"

"If he intentionally kept back the truth, certainly not. And he nearly got himself into sad trouble in consequence. For he also sold a less highly embellished copy to the Archbishop for 300 marks, and a number of others still more cheaply to persons of inferior rank, each purchaser fancying he had secured a unique manuscript copy. When the Archbishop came to show his prize to the King, the latter was amazed, and they forthwith compared the two books. They found that although the initials and other ornaments painted in gold and colors were different, the substance of the one copy was, letter for letter, the *facsimile* of the other, all being in what we now call 'Old English,' which, if done by hand, must, for one single copy of the Scriptures, have been the work of a lifetime. But if the King and Archbishop were astonished that one man could have produced two such stupendous works, you may imagine their bewilderment on discovering by inquiry that quite a number of such volumes had been sold! Then they decided that it must have been by the aid of unholy magic that such a result had been accomplished, and it was only by confessing the secret of the new and wonderful art of printing that Fust escaped punishment for a wizard."

"Was Fust the very first man who invented printing?"

"Three friends in Germany—Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, are said to have been the first to use movable type, similar to that employed at the present day. But Colard Mansion, of Bruges, and William Caxton were also printing books about the same date, or soon after; that is, during the latter half of the fifteenth century."

"Ah, Caxton was an Englishman! I know his name."

"Yes, he was the first English printer, though he did not invent, but only improved on the process, which he had learned, it is believed, from Mansion."—*Christian Paper.*

AN OLD MAID.

Sitting with folded hands, that have dropt her needle and thread,
Looking athwart the fields, where the evening light is shed
On the waving grass, and whence arises the lowing of herds,
While the happy leafage thrills because of the time of the singing of birds.

Sixty rings, I think, have circled her life-tree's girth,
Sixty years of the world, with its mingled pathos and mirth.
How has she taken the time since her baby-steps were set
Among the anemones' bloom, and the sweets of the violet?

What has she been, who sitteth with delicate lights dropping down
On the bowed head's silver locks, and the folds of the silken gown?
Has she not walked on the way that she chose at the gates of youth,
Bright in the graces of holiness, grand in the splendors of truth?

Bearing the hopes of the sowing, the gladness of those who reap;
Smiling with those who are smiling, weeping with those who weep;
Graciously grave, serenely bright, with a wisdom large and mild,
A man's clear judgment, a woman's love and the faith of a little child.

Her heart is the little ones' nest, grown tired of the ball and the race,
They come to be rested because of the love in her beautiful face;
One silent clasp of her hand most deeply has comforted
Women and men too, whose eyes have wept for the false or the dead,

And many a heart that bleeds for its sin, and yet could not bare
The throb of its shuddering nerves to a cold, analytical stare,
Lying lone on the wayside of life, she, tenderly bending above,
Doth soothe with the ungnent of mercy, and cheer with the strength of love.

Was there ever a pitiful cry in the depths of her gracious soul
For the wifehood's joy denied, and the motherhood's aureole?
Can her thought go back to a time when her patient footsteps trod
Among the grieving thorns, alone with sorrow and God?

However it be, on her face is the look of sweet content
That comes when the music of life of love and duty is blent;
And peace is hers that is more than the joy of morning prime,
And light that is greater than day, has come at her evening time.

—*E. H. Hickey in Sunday at Home.*

ENTERING THE KINGDOM.

The following interesting and graphic testimony as to the reality of "the great change," is from an address delivered at a meeting of the Congregational Board of Ministers by the Rev. Thomas Dunlop, of Bootle.

I was a student at Edinburgh University. One evening while I sat by the fire with a fellow-student who had been a shepherd in Dumfriesshire, he told me in what manner the great change had happened to himself. He was on the hills tending his sheep. Suddenly, in answer to prayer, his whole inner being was transformed. He had long been seeking to know Christ by inward spiritual experience; and now here was personal touch with the Saviour realized, far beyond what he had asked or expected. He was in a new world. He was almost beside himself with joy. That night he felt as if he could have leapt to the stars.

It was a strange story to me. I had read of such things; but never before had I met a living man who had experienced such things. My friend's case did not much impress me, except with a feeling of incredulous contempt. I do not remember what was some disparaging remark of mine, but I never can forget his pride-wounding reply to it. He said he pitied my ignorance.

Not long after, I was at home on a holiday. Evangelistic meetings were being held in my native town. I attended one of these, at which a minister told how several cases of conversions had taken place in a neighboring town. He was doing this very calmly, when all at once, to the amazement of the whole audience a young man threw up his arms with a loud cry for mercy, and then sank down, burying his face in his hands.

I am not excitable in my temperament, nor was I then; but the circumstance impressed me as deeply as though I had seen a visible hand reach down from heaven, and the finger of God touch an individual near me. At any rate, I myself was so touched. It shook my inner self terribly.

On leaving the meeting that night and returning home, it seemed to me that a wonderful change had come over all things. The lamp-lit streets were changed; my home was changed; my parents changed. Of course I knew the change was in myself. I needed something done for me which no creature could do. That was my feeling. And everything I looked on seemed to have a most peculiar far-awayness. I felt myself apart from nearest and dearest friends, from every creature, from God himself—he at one end of the universe, and I at the other, absolutely alone and helpless, with a cold chill of utter desolation creeping over me.

What this was I knew very well. My godly upbringing left me in no doubt about it. It was conviction of sin—not sins, nor groups of sins, but simply sin. Morally, I had been blameless. But in that to me there was no comfort. I was simply and soul-destroyingly a sinner—what type of sinner did not concern me; and for three days my wretchedness was extreme. My misery did not arise from the fear that I had the place of woe to go to—I felt that place to be actually, for the time being, in my own breast.

I consulted no one, but simply looked up to Christ and trusted the promised aid of his spirit. I took to prayer, and the reading of my Bible, the penitential psalms especially. To me that book was changed now. It grew intensely interesting. It touched me like a living thing. Now remembered I the case of my shepherd friend, and I resolved that I should, God helping me, lag no step behind him in coming to a real and close acquaintanceship in the spirit with my unseen Saviour. In this resolve I firmly pressed my lips and set my teeth together. And I said to myself that if I went down to perdition, it would be after God had heard a poor sinner's cry and disregarded it.

My poor mother, I remember, cast many a curious and compassionate glance at me, not quite sure what it was that troubled me. She had a sharp eye; she was full of humor and pathos. Without looking, I knew she was watching me; and she, too, without seeing it, knew as well that I was watching her.

Time went on, and I waited to see what God would do for me. Very often my courage dropped, and patience forsook me. It was no use trying any more. I would give up knocking at a place where no door seemed to be. In this mood one passage helped me exceedingly; "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

This, and other psalms like this, which my father oft used in family worship, were a sweet cordial to my weary heart. I deliberately took "Wait a wee" for my motto, assured that light would yet rise and come, through God's good mercy.

Nor did I trust only the mercy of God. I trusted his reasonableness too. When the time came that I should go back to college, I made due preparations; I gathered my books together, and set off and set to work in the confidence that, having committed my whole case to God, he would, in his own time and way, attend to it, not less because I followed what seemed to me the sensible path of duty.

And so he did. About six weeks after, one night at bed-time, while on my knees in prayer, reverently asking, as was my wont, in my solitary lodging, that Christ would reveal himself to me as one living being can do to another, suddenly, in an instant, the change came, bringing with it a blessedness almost more than I could bear. It flooded my whole soul with light, peace, joy. My spirit felt as a butterfly might be supposed to feel when it escapes from its sordid envelope, and soars, a new creature with wings, into the free, balmy air and unlight of heaven.

"Smiling with those who are smiling, and weeping with those who weep."

This was indeed the baptism of the Spirit of which I had heard and read. Now, I said to myself in an ecstasy, "It is done! It is done! The secret of God is with me! Oh, what blessedness it is to 'taste and see' for myself!" Then I, too, could have leapt to the stars.

Consciously, I felt nearer to Christ than to my own hands and feet, and more real was he to me than they. I talked to him far on into the night, too glad to sleep. Over and over, more times than I can tell, I thanked him for his faithfulness.

Yet, through it all, calm good sense did not forsake me. "Is it possible," thought I, "this is but a delusion of distracted nerves? If so, to-morrow's daylight will dispel it." But it did not, and it has stood the test of a good many years of very searching daylight since then.

This simple story of mine is as true in every particular as though it had been Holy Writ.

When I began to knock at Christ's door I learned that he long since had been knocking at mine. So we had entrance to each other, he to me and I to him. The fellowship was a glorious feast. I knew then "the power of his resurrection," and since then, through trials, not small nor few, I have known very thoroughly also "the fellowship of his sufferings." Of my trials I mention one only, without which my story would not be complete. Years had passed. I was a minister. Scarcely had my ministry begun when my young wife died. I did not believe God would take her from me, so necessary did she seem to be to me, for my work's sake, and for the Gospel's sake.

But the sorrow came; and my faith sank with her in the tomb. God pitied my frailty. One Sabbath evening, while I sojourned in a distant city, he led me to a place of worship which I never had visited before, and there through text and sermon spoke to me; but not so closely as he did soon after, when I learned that the preacher's mind had been (as he solemnly asserted) supernaturally constrained to lay aside a favorite subject for that Sabbath evening, and select the one I listened to.

The evening on which he preached was on the day following that on which my young wife died, and his text, as if chosen by her own glorified spirit, was: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

This affected me like a new conversion, and after it more than ever I could trust "as seeing him who is invisible." It was like the drawing aside of the veil, the opening of a door in heaven to me. It showed me that my weakness and my small affairs were not forgotten by the great Father who numbers the hairs of our head, and rules the rising and falling of a sparrow.—*Melbourne Spectator.*

ROADSIDE SCENES IN INDIA.

HINDOO FESTIVALS.

Devotees of all kinds may be seen all over India. Some are almost naked and covered with ashes. Others are dressed in a yellow robe, unwashed and unkempt, with a begging-pot consisting of a dried gourd, in the hand. Others, again, go about singing songs in the street to the accompaniment of music played on a one-stringed instrument like a guitar, in order to excite the charity of the bystanders. Men may be seen with iron spikes driven through their cheeks, or carrying an iron cage round their necks in fulfilment of some vow.

Messengers are sent out all over the country by the managers of all the large temples, to give notice of these festivals and the time of their occurrence. That at Conjeveram takes place in the month of May, and lasts ten days. It is attended by immense crowds of people from all parts. Besides the festivals connected with certain temples, there are certain feasts which occur once a year, and which are observed by all the people all over the country.

Pilgrimages to sacred shrines are largely undertaken, and hundreds of Hindoos are continually wandering over the country on pilgrimage. In various parts of South India groups of pilgrims may frequently be seen in the streets crying out "Govinda!" "Govinda!" "Rama!" "Rama!" The women, both old and young, have their heads shaved quite bald, their hair having been presented to a shrine.

Pilgrims from the north may also be seen, each carrying two baskets united by a bamboo and borne on the shoulders. Each basket contains numerous small phials filled with holy water from the Ganges, or some other sacred stream, and closely sealed. When all his wanderings have ceased, these are either distributed by the pilgrim among those who have contributed towards his expenses, or else poured out as an offering on the occasion of the consecration of a temple or image.

The proper way of performing a pilgrimage is to walk the whole distance barefooted; but this has fallen into neglect in many cases in the present day, and the easier and more comfortable method of travelling by rail is adopted. Occasionally, however, a pilgrim may be seen measuring the distance with his length.

On arriving at the sacred shrine, pilgrims are "fleeced" of nearly all they have with them by the lazy and impudent Brahmins, whose requests they dare not refuse. This is one of the chief reasons of the extreme poverty of the lower classes in India.

The question is often asked, "What are the feelings in the minds of Hindoos when they worship their deities?" Without doubt the chief feeling is one of fear. They are afraid some misfortune will happen to them if they neglect their worship.

With what a different spirit does our Heavenly Father bid us approach him! The father himself loveth us, and is ready to send us everything for our good. How thankful we should be that we have the knowledge of the Gospel, and how anxious we should be to insist on sending it to those that have it not!—*Friendly Greetings.*

A BIBLE FOR A PISTOL.

A TRUE STORY.

"See, mother, see what I have brought you!" exclaimed a young Brazilian, holding up to view a well-bound, gilt-edged book. "Antonio Marques told me that the priest ordered him to burn it, but he did not like to destroy so good a book, and was afraid to displease the priest by keeping it, so I offered to trade my double-barrelled pistol for it. I thought you might like to have the book, for they say it is all about religion, and you are so religious. It might be of use when you go to repeat your prayers for people who are dying."

The mother took the book from her son's hands, and slowly reading the title, "*A Santa Biblia*," said: "Ah! this is good; this is the 'Rule of Life,' I am glad to have it." Then beginning at the first of Genesis, she glanced over several chapters until she reached the tenth. "Yes, you are right, my son, here is just the kind of prayer I want. Here is a long list of names, and as they are all in the Bible, they must all be of saints, and some of them will surely help the poor creatures."

The youth frequently found his mother with the book before her when he came in from his work, and had he taken the trouble to look over her shoulder he would have found her always reading the tenth chapter of Genesis.

The woman, who had the fame of knowing by heart a great many prayers, was often sent for to go even long distances to repeat them for the hope and comfort of the dying, and she was faithfully trying to master the long names so as to say them off glibly to serve as a prayer.

One day, as they sat taking their noonday coffee, a messenger came from a neighboring plantation, begging her to go at once to see a young girl who was very ill. With book in hand she set out, and arriving at the house, a sad, though to her not unusual, sight met her eyes. A girl of about fifteen lay upon the bed, her beautiful black eyes looking strangely bright in contrast with the pale features. The parents and sisters, instead of caring for her, were wringing their hands and wildly crying out, "She is dying! She is dying!" The sick girl feebly stretched out a wasted hand, gasping; "They say that I am dying; teach me quickly how to die; tell me what must I do!" The old woman gently took her hand, and in a soothing voice said: "Don't be nervous, dear; if you will repeat after me the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, the prayer to St. Joseph and the rest, then a new prayer that I have learned from this good book, you need not be afraid."

A sight never to be forgotten by one who knows that there is but the one "name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved," was this death-bed scene. The old woman, in clear tones, rapidly repeated among other things, "Shem, Ham, Japheth, Gomer, Magog, Madai, Javin," and so on through the long list. The dying girl vainly tried to follow her as her voice grew fainter and fainter, for she was, with all her failing strength, clinging to this false hope, as she passed out into eternity.

Some years later the young man who had gotten the Bible in such a curious way married and left the old house to live at the wife's homestead. One evening, as the old father sat in his usual place reading, the husband said: "Anninha, what is that book your father is always reading?"

"That," she replied, "is the Bible. He often tells me about what he reads, and it is very interesting. I wish I could read it for myself, but it is a French book, and I can only read Portuguese."

"If it is called the 'Holy Bible,'" said he, "then my mother has it in Portuguese, for I gave it to her long ago. I never read it myself, but she used to learn things out of it for prayers. They never sounded very interesting to me."

"Could you get it for me, Jose?" she asked.

"Yes, I will go over and ask mother for it to-morrow," promised he.

When the wife got the Bible, she carried it to her father, who was much pleased to find this favorite book in his native tongue, and opening it at the New Testament, he began to read aloud. The young couple listened, and soon grew so interested that they begged him to go on, till they kept him reading late into the night. Deeply touched by the "old, old story of Jesus and his love," they began to read for themselves. Soon they learned that pardon and peace had already been purchased for them, and that what God required of them was not penances and a bondage to fear through life, and masses and the agonies of purgatory after death, but childlike faith and loving obedience—that godliness which gives promise of the life that now is and that which is to come.

The son's first wish was to have his mother learn the good news, so he carried back the Bible, saying: "Why, mother, you never got the best out of this book! You only looked for something to die by, and it is full of good words to live by, as well. Let me read you some."

"No, my son," responded she, "I got what I wanted out of the book, and that is enough for me. I do not care to look for more."

"But, mother," pleaded he, "you would be so much happier if you knew the true way to live and to die."

"Hush, Jose," said the mother indignantly. "Do you dare to hint that I who have taught so many how to die, do not know how myself? Let me alone, and do not trouble me any more about the book."

The man went back to his wife troubled and disappointed. The more they studied the book, however, the better they understood that it was God's spirit who had opened their eyes, and to him they must look to perform the same miracle upon their mother, that blind one leading the blind, and for this they are still daily watching and praying.—*Children's Work for Children.*

A SURE WAY TO A HAPPY SUMMER.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

"Mamie, do you want to have a good time this vacation?"

"Of course I do. What a question, Sarah."

"Well, the happiest summer I ever had in my whole life was last year; and since we are going to the same place, I hope you'll help me to have as happy a one this time."

"Help you? Indeed I will. I'm in for all the fun that's going."

"But this isn't exactly fun, Mamie. You may think it work."

"Now, Sarah Hutchinson, I do hope you are not going to start any of your religious notions. You know I love you dearly, and please do not spoil everything by just being a crank."

"I do not wish to be a crank, but I don't believe in letting down our colors, even in the Adirondacks. The Fourth Commandment ought to be observed just as positively there as here in the city of churches."

"Well, Sarah, you can say what you like, Sunday seems about the same as Monday as soon as you are away from the city. There are always religious people around a great deal older than you and I; why should such chits as we are become dictators? There are good Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, for instance, as pious people as you can find, perfect models of righteousness when at home, who last summer, when in the hotel with me, used to drive out and go boating on Sunday, exactly like anybody else, though I did hear Mr. Morrison answer a gentleman one day, who wanted him to go fishing, 'I must draw a line somewhere, and I draw it at trout-fishing.' But I have not yet asked what you wanted me to do; you said you wanted me to help you."

"So I do, Mamie dear. You can sing, and I can't, and I want to have Sunday-school every Sunday up in the mountains; just the same as we do at home. The lessons in Luke are so interesting, and, if we girls only go about it in the right way, I am sure some kind ladies and gentlemen will act as teachers, and a superintendent can easily be found. And as for the children, why, there were seventy in the house where we were last summer. And think of seventy children going all summer without Sunday-school."

"Did they?"

"No; because I started one."

"Sarah, you don't mean it! You started a Sunday-school in that fashionable hotel!"

"Yes, why not? There was neither church nor Sunday-school within miles, and the last words my pastor said to me, as we bade each other good-by, were 'Don't forget to let your light shine.' His words kept ringing in my ears. I was tempted for a while with the very excuses you have offered, but conscience said, 'Never mind other people; do your own duty.' And so I spoke to a few of the people, and, with scarcely any trouble, I started the school. It was held on the lawn before the hotel at four o'clock every Sunday afternoon. We began with twenty-five scholars, four teachers, and a superintendent, who also acted as leader of the singing. From week to week the school increased, and at the end of four Sundays we had all the seventy children of the household, besides twenty-three from the neighboring farms, and nearly as many grown-ups as children. The people became so interested, every service had some new feature. More than that, out of the Sunday-school there grew a prayer-meeting, and the result was that several took a stand on the Lord's side. And ever since then in the country school-house a Sabbath service has been held. No wonder, Mamie, last summer was a happy one to me. The memory of those grove meetings has gladdened my whole winter. Now you can sing and play and help in so many ways, and let us have Sunday-school and church too this summer if we can. You'll see we will have just as much fun during the week, and ever so much more real happiness, because we shall be doing right."

"Well, I am a very poor helper, Sarah, but I will try. I know you are right."—*American Messenger.*

MARION'S CHOICE.

Marion was about six years old when she had her first ride on a tricycle,—a borrowed one. A great desire filled her to have one for her "very truly own." She begged so hard that it was promised for a Christmas gift.

The kindergarten school began in the autumn, and her playmates were going. She said, "Mamma, I want to go to the kindergarten, too."

Her parents had but little money, though they were really rich in love and kindness. The mother said, "Marion, you may choose between the tricycle and the kindergarten; we cannot afford both. The tricycle has a bright plush seat; you can get on yourself and ride up and down the pavement and down to see Auntie Brown. The exercise will make your arms and legs strong; the fresh air will make your cheeks rosy and your eyes bright."

"What will the kindergarten do for me, mamma?"

"It will put knowledge into your head; you will learn about colors and shapes. It will teach you to draw and weave, and make dishes out of clay. You will sing and march and hear nice stories, and be learning something every day. Then without the tricycle you can run and play all the afternoon just as you always have done."

Marion was silent a moment. She had set her heart on having the tricycle. Then she said, "I'll give it up, mamma. It's better for me to have knowledge."

So now she goes to the kindergarten, the very happiest little girl in that New England village.

"GOTTER."

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

"Who is Gotter?"

This is the question I asked myself quite a dozen times on the day of my arrival, and I kept on asking myself—well, until I found out.

We were all at breakfast. Harry named him first. We were lingering over the tea and muffins, chatting about this thing and that before the day's work began, when he suddenly looked at the clock. It marked half-past eight.

"Oh dear! Gotter!" he exclaimed, and then I saw the young gentleman spring up, seize the hat and overcoat that hung on the rack, and presently there stood a hearty, healthy school-boy, with a load of books on his arms, ready to start.

"Oh, yes; Gotter!" was echoed by two other voices, and soon Harry had two companions, his brother Robert, and little Edith, all bonneted, cloaked, and ready for another day's struggle with the troubles of learning. They were a merry group as they started off.

"Who is Gotter?" I said to myself, wonderingly, and half expected to see some sturdy fellow-school-boy, who owned that extraordinary name, join the group as they passed the gate.

The conversation went on briskly. We older ones discussed politics, the news of the day, the last new book, and several other subjects, when all of a sudden I heard the word again. This time it was from the head of the house.

"Well, I shall have Gotter after me if I don't move directly;" and another raid was made upon the hat rack for a hat and overcoat.

"Yes, he'll be after us all, if we don't bestir ourselves soon," my hostess replied, and there was a general move from the table.

"Ah! Gotter is then an expected guest," I thought. "Things must be made ready for his appearance.

But Gotter did not appear.

The day wore on. We took our usual occupations—reading, writing, sewing, for the day was a stormy one, and there was no going out. The next time I heard him mentioned was in the evening.

"Isabel," said her mother to the fair young daughter of the house, "some of those seams on Bertha's new dress could be easily run this evening. There is none too much time left if we are to have it done by Sunday."

"Oh, dear mamma, I do so want to practise. The evening is no time for sewing;" and she moved slowly toward the piano.

"Gotter," said her mother, with a smile. It was only one word, but I noticed that Isabel smiled too, and soon four pairs of fingers were working hard at the little frock for the youngest daughter of the house.

"Well," thought I, "what can Gotter have to do with a baby's frock?" But immediately the idea came. "Oh, Gotter is some distinguished guest. Even the little one of the family must look her best when he arrives. That is very natural."

But the next day and the next passed. I heard Gotter's name frequently, and always in connection with something to be done. But no Gotter arrived. I was very glad, for we were a very happy household all together, and I could not help feeling that our peace and comfort might be very much disturbed by having this important personage about, whom every member of the family seemed to value so highly. It was indeed quite a relief to my mind when, on Saturday morning, Harry jumped up from the table, and announced:

"Well, Gotter's got to git to-day. I won't have him around, anyhow. It's Saturday, and he sha'n't show his face."

This certainly seemed a little disrespectful toward one of whom his parents and all seemed to think so much, but at the same time I felt quite sure that I too should be just as comfortable without the presence of Gotter.

To my immense surprise his mother answered, "I don't know about that, my son. See those paths outside. The snow-storm last night has blocked them up, and I really think that Gotter will insist upon having them shovelled out."

"Oh, mamma!" Harry did look so disappointed. It was a hard task to set the school-boy at on this holiday morning, after a long week's hard work. It could not be finished before noon, and all this splendid winter morning that could be devoted to sleighing, snow-balling, tobogganing, and other such delights, would be lost.

"Well, Harry"—and I could see that there was a good deal of sympathy with the boy's woe-begone face in the mother's voice—"it is too bad, my son, but I don't see that there is any one else to do the work. Bridget cannot, papa must go to his office, and the rest of us are weak women and children. I am sorry, but you will have to settle it with Gotter."

Harry hesitated a few moments, and I could see that there was a struggle going on in his mind. But right conquered, for pretty soon I saw great shovelfuls of snow flying about the garden, where a stout, healthy, good-natured boy was making havoc among the drifts.

Or stop! Was he afraid of Gotter? What would Gotter have done to him? This mysterious individual, who ruled the household, was he dreadfully severe? Clearly anything might be expected of Gotter, a person who interfered with and controlled every little matter, even the slightest occurrence in the household, and whose absence did not prevent him from holding a tight rein, and mixing his will up with the most insignificant affairs.

At last I became quite impatient to see Gotter. He would be well worth studying after all I had heard about him. He certainly must be the strangest character in existence, and, like all curiosities, interesting even though odious. Finally, the day came when I felt quite sure that my curiosity was going to be gratified. Gotter was coming. I should see him.

Harry and Edith had been talking about their Missionary Band. It was a society of young people in the neighborhood who had been working for the good cause for a long time. Of late a new interest had been given to their plans. One of their number, a young man who had grown up among them, had been recently ordained to the ministry, and had decided to spend his life upon the shores of Africa teaching the poor natives there the wondrous truths of our Christian religion. The young people had been very eager helping him to get ready to go, and now, as the last thing, they were to make up a purse for him, to pay his passage out and help him establish himself there. The question was how much should each give.

"How much shall you give, Edith?"

"I don't know, Harry. I haven't made up my mind. We can do as we like."

"Yes, fortunately. Gotter has nothing to do with this matter."

"I am not so sure, my dears.' This came in a very low, gentle tone from their mother.

"Why, mamma?"

"How can he have?" from Harry. "Nothing has been said about any fixed sum, and there are so many things I want this summer. If I give any large sum, good-by to my new row-boat."

"All right, Harry," said his mother, gently. "Gotter may not seem to you to have anything to do with the matter now, but by to-morrow he will certainly be here; at least I feel sure he will. You watch and see if he does not arrive before the time set for the meeting."

Ah! Gotter was coming. The time was nearly here. I was so glad. Really, my curiosity was consuming me I could not stand it much longer.

All the morning of the following day I waited for the traveller to arrive. But the hours sped on; he did not come. Finally one o'clock arrived.

Then it was that I heard a light footstep on the stairs, and presently, as he reached the landing, I heard his mother call him into her room.

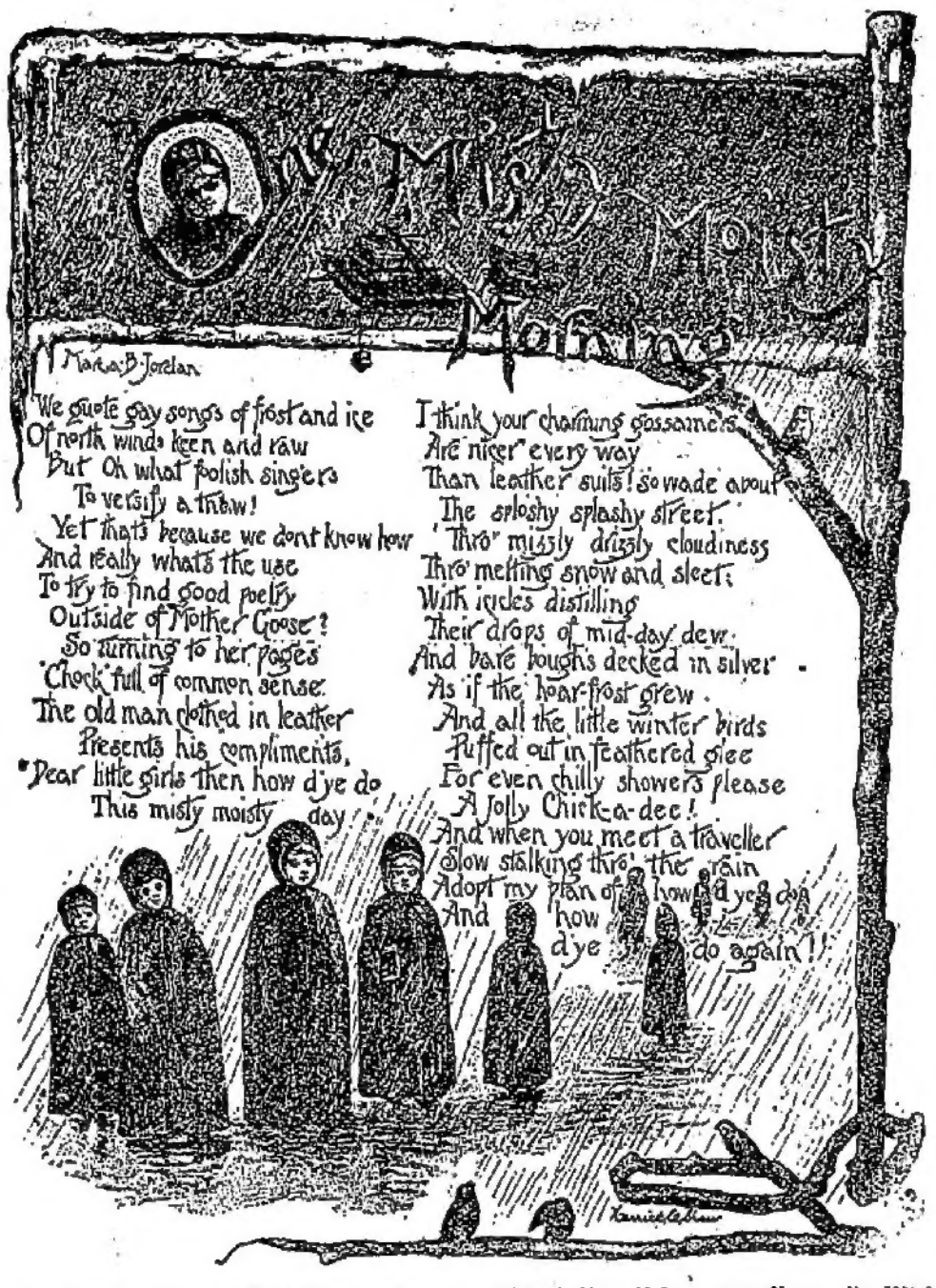
"Well, Harry?"

"What, mother?"

"Did Gotter come?"

"Yes, he came."

"What!" I exclaimed to myself. "Is everybody crazy? Not a person of any kind, save the milkman and grocer's boy, has been to this house to-day to my certain knowledge, and yet here this boy tells his mother, that Gotter, the great Gotter, the mysterious potentate that rules the house, that every one bows down to and yields before, has actually arrived, and is somewhere about the domicile. Yet nobody has seen him; nobody has spoken to him;


Miss Misty Morning
Maria B. Jordan
We quote gay songs of frost and ice
Of north winds keen and raw
But Oh what foolish singers
To versify a thaw!
Yet that's because we don't know how
And really what's the use
To try to find good poetry
Outside of Mother Goose?
So turning to her pages
Chock full of common sense
The old man clothed in leather
Presents his compliments,
"Dear little girls then how d'ye do
This misty moisty day"
I think your charming gossamers
Are nicer every way
Than leather suits! so wade about
The sloshy splashy street.
Thro' mizzly drizzly cloudiness
Thro' melting snow and sleet;
With icicles distilling
Their drops of mid-day dew.
And bare boughs decked in silver
As if the hoar-frost grew.
And all the little winter birds
Puffed out in feathered glee
For even chilly showers please
A Jolly Chirk-a-dee!
And when you meet a traveller
Slow stalking thro' the rain
Adopt my plan of how d'ye do
And how d'ye do again!!

no attention has been paid to his coming; no one except Harry shows the least cognizance of the fact! It's amazing. It's inexplicable!"

It was at this moment that I heard Harry say: "Yes, mother Of course I'm the oldest member now; Jack is going, and I've got to take his place. I've got to set an example. If I don't give and give liberally, and practice some self-denial in order to do it, how can I expect anything of the others? Of course I've got to do my duty, and I shall just give the whole price of that row-boat."

"Ah, my son, I thought Gotter would arrive."

This was too much. I could not stand it any longer. I made up my mind at once that I must know who Gotter really was and know it now. Never before had I been so puzzled about anybody or anything. As soon as I heard Harry's big boots clattering down the stairs I went to my hostess's room.

"Mary," I said, calling my old friend by her first time, "who is Gotter?"

"What?" she asked, while her eyes sparkled with fun. "You don't tell me you don't know who Gotter is?"

"Yes, I do tell you so," I cried; "and if you don't enlighten me now, I can't begin to describe to you what dreadful lengths my curiosity will lead me to. Ever since I have been in your house I have heard of no one else. No deed is done, nothing is discussed or thought about, but Gotter. Gotter requires this, and insists upon that. He rules everybody, and controls everything. Who is he, what is he, that he governs a whole household where he never appears?

"Ah! we should do poorly without Gotter," said my old friend, shaking her matronly-like head.

"Probably," I said, with a good deal of sarcasm, "see how constantly you allude to him."

"Did you hear Harry's last remark before he went out?" She asked, suddenly, with what seemed to my impatience a good deal of irrelevance. "He mentioned Gotter's real true name certainly three or four times. Did you not hear it?"

"No, I did not," I cried. "I heard only the one name, the one that puzzles me so that I believe I shall become quite ill if my curiosity is not gratified."

"Well, I shall have to tell you." With a very much amused air she began: "After I was married and settled cozily here in my home, with my brood of little ones around me, I naturally began, as I hope all mothers do, to think how I might best train them up to habits of well-doing and integrity, and how to teach them that the first, the most important, the great business of life, in fact, was to do their duty toward God and man, and never to swerve from the straight line taught by our Heavenly Father in his holy book."

"Ah, yes; but what has this to do with Gotter?"

"Have patience. I very soon found, as I fancy most parents do, that among my little flock, if the right thing was to be done at all times and under all circumstances, there had to be no small amount of stern command and strict enforcement of the rules and regulations set down. There was a good deal of attempted appeal from a great many of the laws that Henry, my husband, and myself thought were wise and good for the government of our little kingdom. And a great many of these appeals came from little lips in that common phrase, which I fancy all children use, however careful parents and teachers try to expunge the word from their vocabulary. 'Mamma, have I got to?' 'Papa, please, have I got to?' 'Mamma, must I? Oh, need I? Have I got to?'"

"Aha! I think I am beginning to see now."

"Yes, I fancy you are."

"And 'got to' pronounced by little lips was 'gotter,' and 'gotter,' very soon became 'Gotter' with a capital G, and he became the ruling spirit of the household."

"Yes, you have unravelled the whole mystery."

You can imagine how I laughed, and how my friend laughed with me, when I told her how puzzled I had been, and what wild flights my imagination had taken in accounting for this wonderful Gotter, and settling who he might be, and what his characteristics were.

But could a household, or could any of us, I ask you all, have a better ruler than "Gotter"—only another name for that sense of duty, that quick response to its call, that ready, cheerful obedience to just authority, based upon a careful study of the laws of God?—*Harper's Young People.*

WHEN LOVE IS AT ITS BEST.

As tired children go at candle light,
The glow in their young eyes quenched with the sun,
Almost too languid now that play is done
To seek their father's knee, and say, "Good-night;"
So to our great Father out of sight,
When the brief gamut of the day is run,
Defeats endured, and petty triumphs won,
We kneel, and listlessly His care invite.

Then, with no sense of gain, no tender thrill,
As when we leave the presence of a friend,
No lingering content our souls to steep,
But reckoning our gains and losses still,
We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end,
And, carless, drift out to the sea of sleep.

Not such is prayer when love is at its best;
And if our lagging soul do not outsoar
The words we utter, though our chamber floor
Be hallowed by our knees, 'twere vainly pressed.
Nay, be each prayer with our soul's seal impressed,
And let us send no courier to heaven's door
To speak our thanks and further gifts implore,
In any sort of mask or livery dressed.

Rather, as friends sit sometimes hand-in-hand,
Nor mar with words the sweet speech of their eyes;
So in soft silence let us oft'ner bow,
Nor try with words to make God understand
Longing is prayer: upon its wings we rise
To where the breath of heaven beats upon our brow!

—*The Congregationalist.*

HAL'S CONFESSION.

BY E. DOUGLAS.

It was at the Christian Endeavor meeting that still Sabbath evening. There had been the usual number of hymns sung and some earnest speaking from different ones among the members, and now there was but ten minutes left of the allotted time, and there came a pause. It was then that Hal Bentley stood up. Hal had just come back from college for the long summer vacation; and as the university was nearly a day's journey from his home, his visits during the winter had been few and far between. Some of the keener observers in the little society in which Hal had been such an earnest worker, had observed with pain that when he returned for the Christmas and Easter holidays, there was a certain change in his manner. Not that he had dropped away from the meetings, but rather there was a lack of earnestness and a failure to take an active part. So to-night, when Hal rose, and in an honest, straightforward way said a few words touching on his Christian life, spoke of his failures, and finally asked the prayers of the society to aid him in a renewal of his former earnestness in the service of the Master, his words had the effect that every manly confession of weakness has; and when he sat down with a moisture in his eyes that showed how deeply he was moved, many of his listeners felt the force of his example, and applied it to themselves.

That evening, as Hal strolled home from church in the soft summer moonlight, with his twin sister, Kate, there began one of those long, confidential conversations, which they always held together whenever Hal returned.

"Yes, Kittie," he was saying, "I know that you were surprised at what I said to-night; and I'll tell you how I came to say it, for of course you understand how hard it is for me to make an open acknowledgment of my failures like that.

"The first term I was at college I tried hard to lead a consistent Christian life, and I think I did fairly well; but when I went back after Christmas, I got in with a rather fast set,—nice fellows, you know, every one of them; but still they were just fast enough to be attractive, and little by little I began to adopt their ways and thoughts. Then, after I once started it became very easy to go on."

Hal stopped for a moment, and Kate gave his arm a sympathetic little squeeze; he went on more slowly. "At first, Kittie, it didn't seem to me that my life was changed at all, but there was so much going on that religious matters were sort of crowded out; they didn't seem congenial with the other things. I got into the habit of giving up the prayer-meetings Wednesday evenings, and then after church on Sundays it seemed much pleasanter to drop around at the fellows' rooms and look over the papers and smoke and talk until dinner-time than to attend the class prayer-meetings. So it went on, until finally I had given up the religious meetings entirely except chapel and church, which were compulsory. Then, from going so much with that crowd of jolly, easy-going fellows, by degrees it began to seem perfectly natural to swear occasionally, then to drink and to join in when a game of cards was proposed. All these things seemed to go with that air of polish and experience that they all possessed. Then, almost unconsciously I began to adopt an air of lenient superiority towards religion. It was all very well in its way, and no doubt was good for the masses, and was not a thing to be openly scoffed at; but then you could hardly expect a man of our set to have much time for that sort of thing. That was the general tone of our conversation on that subject.

"There was one man in our class, Hardy by name, who was one of the acknowledged leaders of our set. He was a quiet-looking fellow, with great deep-set eyes, and at first acquaintance one would hardly realize what an amount of hidden force he possessed. For a long time I wondered at the influence he exercised, until one night I saw him come out of his shell, and it was a puzzle no longer. We were all together after supper, in one of the fellows' rooms, when he came in, evidently feeling in a gay mood; and, Kittie, you have no idea what a sparkling, attractive fellow he showed himself to be. He carried everything with a rush, and then he seemed to have a certain magnetic power, for almost instantly, seemingly without an effort, he had monopolized the conversation, and the whole crowd were listening and applauding the stream of witty stories, bright and caustic remarks, with here and there allusions so cutting, but at the same time made in such a spirit of reckless good-humor that it was impossible for any one to take offence. As the fun increased, I heard some of the boys whisper to each other that Jack was in the mood to-night, and would show us some great sport before morning. Sure enough, when after a time there was a lull in the conversation, he came out with a proposal of such recklessness, that ordinarily not one would have thought of entering into it; but he had put us just in the mood, and there was hardly a dissenting voice. That night we had a wild time, and before we returned in the "wee sma' hours," I had yielded, almost without thinking, to temptations that at another time I could have withstood.

"That's the way it is at college, Kittie; a fellow goes into everything with a rush,—dissipation like everything else,—and when one commences a fast life, almost instantly, as it seems, it is too late to retreat."

Here Hal's voice broke, and it was with an effort that he went on.

"I saw one of the fellows the other day in the city, one whom I used to know at college. He left at Christmas; and, Kittie, I never saw a man so changed. I took dinner with him, and we got to talking together, and I tried to help him, but it was no use; I shall never forget the way in which he looked, as he said to me: 'I know, Hal, old man, that I am going to the bad; but I can't help it, I can't help it, I haven't any will left.' I never expect to see him again.

"Well, I was telling you about this Jack Hardy. He seemed to take quite a fancy to me; and we became quite chummy, and used to go out together a good deal. After that night I got into the habit of not allowing myself to think, but of just going ahead and having a good time; and then it began to seem a sort of blasphemous thing to pray, when I really had no intention of changing my life at all, and so I gave up praying.

"One night, after things had been going on in this way for a long time, I happened to drop into Jack's room. We had been off together the night before, and I rather expected to find him in one of his 'grumpy fits,' as we had nicknamed those long spells of despondency that seemed to be almost constitutional with him. I found him alone in the room with his 'wife,' as we always call each other's room-mate. I sat down and we talked for a minute or so, and then he began to walk back and forth uneasily.

"'Hal, I am going to be a Christian, and I wish you would too,' he finally broke out, with a tremendous effort.

"Well, Kittie, I could not say a word; I just sat there in perfect astonishment, and looked at him. Then I started in to tell him that I was a Christian, and had been a member of the church for years; but the words stuck in my throat. Here was a man who had never made any pretensions to religion, trying to help me, a professed Christian; and had I ever showed by my life or actions that I was any different from him or any better than he? I got up, and left the room without a word; and, though I hadn't cried for years, I am not ashamed to say I cried that night. It all came over me,—the life I had been leading, how I had disgraced my Saviour, and it seemed to me that my time at college had been utterly wasted. Before the night was over I resolved to do all that I could during the rest of my years at college towards making amends.

"I went back to Hardy's room, and owned right up how weak and cowardly I had been, and what I intended for the future. Then he told me how he had happened to attend a revival meeting, and how it came to him that he was throwing away the best years of his life; and he, too, had resolved to start right in and change his whole way of living.

"Then we three, Jack, his chum and myself, all knelt down and asked for strength. And we received it. It was a hard pull at first to take that stand and live down our former life; but Jack fairly shamed me; he went into everything with such a vim, and by the time the term closed I think we had accomplished something among the fellows.

"So that was the reason, Kittie, that I spoke as I did to-night. I didn't feel that I could come back to the church here without some word of that sort."

And as the two turned up the walk to the house, the moonlight showed Kittie's face all wet with tears, and that night there was in her prayers more of thanks than supplication.—*Golden Rule.*

THE VERY SAME MAN.

A lady writing to the *New York Observer* concerning the Northfield conference says:

One of the most remarkable discourses that I ever heard was that on last Sabbath morning by Dr. A. J. Gordon. His text was "The power of the Holy Spirit," and he showed how the apostles had been, and how all true Christians should be: first, baptized; second, sealed; third, anointed; fourth, filled with the Holy Spirit. A most striking instance of the "quenching of the Spirit" was given by the preacher.

"I know," said he, "a prominent business man who told me his story. He said that he was converted about twenty years ago, and that he was then zealous in church work. It suddenly came to him that he ought to go to a certain colored man, who lived near his house, and urge him to be a Christian. The colored man was repulsive to him. He did not want to go, but still the Spirit urged him to go, and day after day he thought he would, but he could not make up his mind to do it.

"He engaged actively in his business, and little by little he gave up his religious activity. He had not gone to see the colored man, but he kept on going to church, served on a standing committee, and played the part of a respectable church member for fifteen or eighteen years.

"One Sunday in the summer, wandering past a tent in which a preaching service was being held, he strolled in. The speaker saw him and came hurrying toward him.

"'Are you a Christian?' he asked; 'I am short of workers to-night and there is a crowd of inquirers; can you help me?'

"'Oh, I think not,' said our friend, 'I—I haven't spoke to a sinner about his soul for years; I can't!'

"'You must,' urged the preacher. 'Come, help me; now is the time for you to begin anew.'

"In spite of himself he led along the unwilling man toward the front of the tent.

"'Here is an inquirer, talk to him, he said, and he plumped him down on a bench beside the identical colored man whom the Spirit had so strongly urged him to labor with years before, and of whom he had long ago lost sight. He entered at once into earnest conversation and prayer with him, which he had every reason to believe were blessed to the black man's soul. After that he did, indeed, 'begin anew.' He began to labor with the unconverted all round him, and his spiritual life blazed up into a brighter flame than ever before." This is certainly one of the strongest illustrations of the "quenching of the Spirit" that could be presented.

FAILURE OR SUCCESS.

That was a very striking testimony to the reasonableness of all phases of temperance which was lately given by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew in a talk with some railway men. Speaking of the boys in every grade of society who started life at the same time with himself, he said, "Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead." With the exception of a few who were taken off by sickness, he went on to say that "every one who proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum and no other cause."

Mr. Depew is a man of wide acquaintance and of much observation. That he should deliberately give this testimony to the fatal effects of the drink habit is all the more significant because his observation is not confined to men of the lower classes, as might perhaps be urged of missionaries, reformers, and those who work among the victims of intemperance, but that it includes men of intelligence, of refinement, and of respectability. There is undoubtedly a conserving grace in all of these. Many a man has been bolstered up and kept from falling for a longer or shorter time by the knowledge that much is expected of him, by the fact that his fall will be from a certain eminence, and therefore all the more disastrous. But Mr. Depew's testimony is that not intelligence nor refinement nor respectability will suffice to save a man who indulges in liquor. "Every one who drank is dead." "Not one living of my age," he goes on to say; and Mr. Depew is very far from being an old man. In all human probability he has many years of efficient work before him—years which those dead and gone companions of his threw away for the mere pleasure of momentary self-indulgence.

But the picture has its positive as well as its negative side. While of all his boyish acquaintances the wreck of every one whose life proved a failure could be traced to drink, so, on the other hand, and as a most singular testimony to the value of a habit of self-denial, he goes on to say that "of those who are church-going people, who were steady, industrious people, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by."

Young men, boys, who may read this article, among which of these two classes do you choose to rank?—*American Messenger.*

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